

CENTURIONS
MONTHLY

No.5

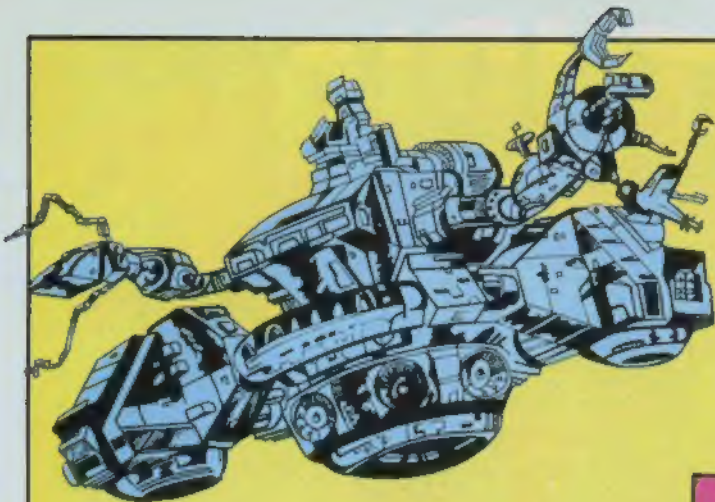
75p

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME

TM





WELCOME TO THE 21st CENTURY!

Dateline: September 2087

Station: Skyvault

Hi! **Jake Rockwell** here! **Ace** has been called out on a mission, running protection for a cargo-freighter bound for **Moonbase**, so he's asked me to fill in for him and welcome you all to **Centurions Comic No.5**. And, boy, have I got a great issue to welcome you to! **Doc Terror** has been up to his usual tricks this month and you can read how he even managed to turn the **World Council** against us **Centurions**! Also, I took **Shadow** on vacation with me, but it turned out to be less than a holiday! Keep those letters coming in and, as **Ace** would say... **Keep 'em flying!**

Jake

Send all letters to: **Centurions Comic, PO Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL.**

Subject:

AMBER

TERROR

Data follows:

Left to fend for herself from childhood, **Doc Terror's** beautiful red-headed daughter, **Amber**, has made quite a reputation for herself in the criminal underworld. She sometimes aids her father with his evil schemes, but she maintains her independence and is always prepared to argue with him about anything! After all, not even **Doc Terror** himself can match **her** huge network of criminal contacts.



21st CENTURY FACTS

CENTURIONS ALERT!

DOC TERROR TAKES CONTROL IN CENTURIONS NO.6!

It's Centurion Vs. Centurion in a fight to the finish! Can any of them survive? Also, your chance to see the **Mega-Wrestling** World Championship. Plus... the much-requested return of **Garrett**, the man who stole the prototype Centurion Exosuit!

ALL THIS AND MORE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE ON SALE 22ND OCTOBER AT ALL GOOD NEWSAGENTS!

...BE THERE!



THEY ARE THE BEST THERE IS--MEN AND MACHINE
UNITED TO PROTECT THE EARTH FROM EVIL--

WORLD COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS IN
NEW YORK CITY. THE HOME OF THE
EARTH'S GOVERNING BODY IS UNDER
ATTACK BY DOC TERROR'S DOOM-
DRONE STRAFERS. BUT WHENEVER
THE MASTER OF TERRORISM STRIKES,
THE CENTURIONS ARE THERE TO
STOP HIM...

CENTURIONS

POWERXTREME

MAX RAY

JAKE ROCKWELL

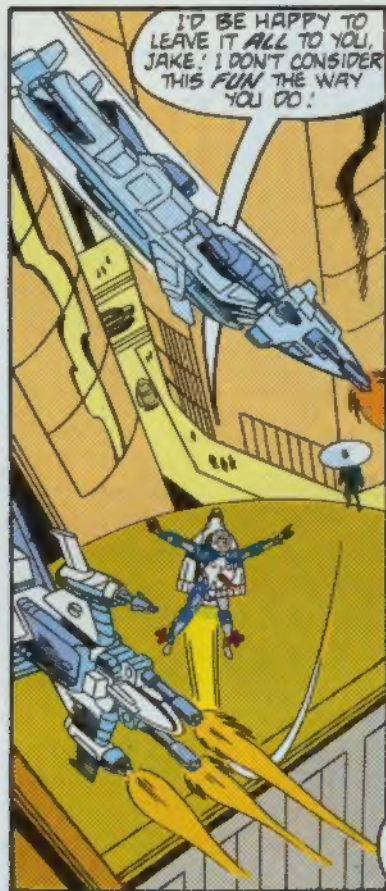
ACE MCLOUD

CAN'T SAY MUCH
FOR THEIR SECURITY: DOC
TERROR OBVIOUSLY SHIPPED
A SUBMARINE-LOAD OF
STRAFRERS INTO THE RIVER
UNDER EVERYBODY'S
NOSE.

DON'T BE
SO SURE, ACE.
I'M GOING DOWN
TO CHECK IT
OUT.

SUITS US
FINE, MAX. IT
LEAVES THE REAL
FIGHTING FOR ACE
AND ME!

COUNTERFEIT



I'D BE HAPPY TO LEAVE IT ALL TO YOU, JAKE! I DON'T CONSIDER THIS FUN THE WAY YOU DO!

IN FACT, I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS BUNCH OUT WITH A PARTICLE BEAM MISSILE.



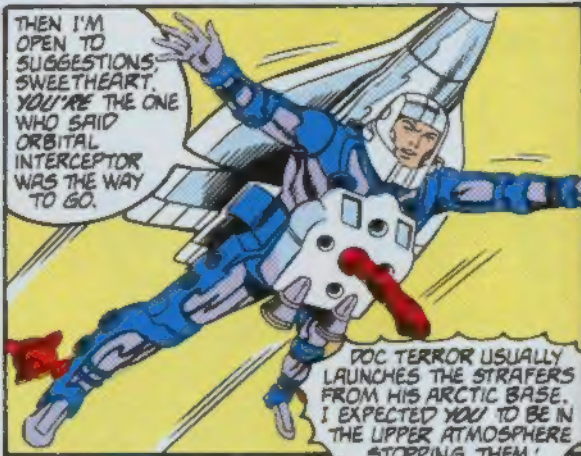
START THE COUNTDOWN, CRYSTAL HONEY.

DON'T EVEN THINK OF IT, ACE!

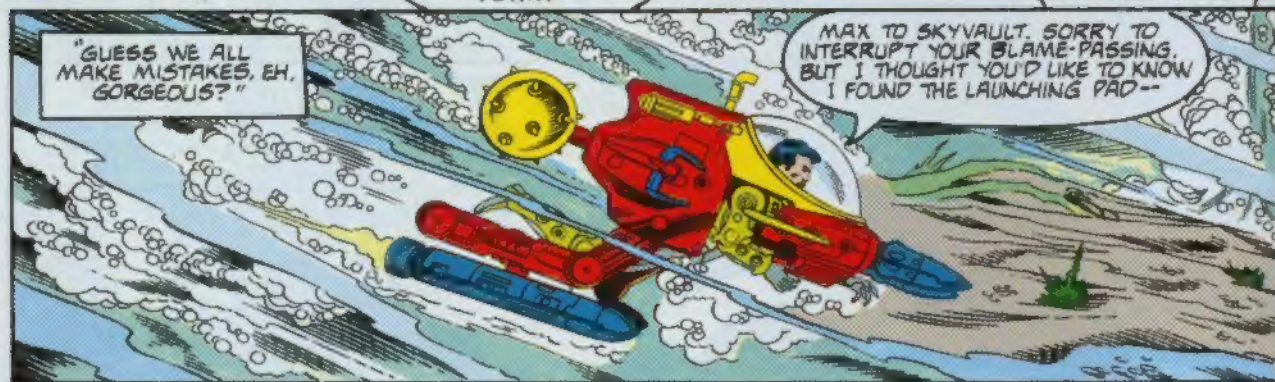


AN EXPLOSION AT YOUR PRESENT ALTITUDE WOULD BRING A DOZEN BLOCKS OF 200-STORY BUILDINGS CRASHING DOWN!

THEN I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS, SWEETHEART. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAID ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR WAS THE WAY TO GO.



DOC TERROR USUALLY LAUNCHES THE STRAFERS FROM HIS ARCTIC BASE. I EXPECTED YOU TO BE IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE STOPPING THEM!



"GUESS WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, EH, GORGEOUS?"

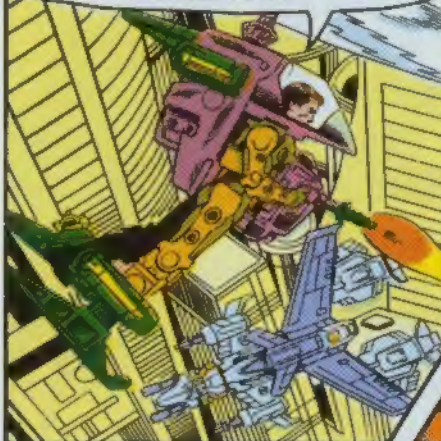
MAX TO SKYVAULT. SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR BLAME-PASSING. BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW I FOUND THE LAUNCHING PAD--



--BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THEY'RE SHOOTING OUT OF A HOLE IN THE RIVER BED!

SMOOOSH!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I BELIEVE, MAX--
THAT I'M THE ONLY ONE DOING ANYTHING
TO STOP THESE STRAFERS. I DON'T
MIND A GOOD FIGHT, BUT I COULD USE
A LITTLE HELP!



GOTCHA, YA
SIDEWINDER!

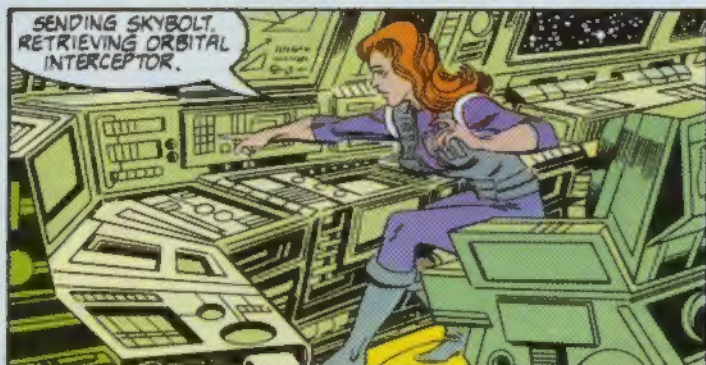


SOUNDS LIKE JAKE
NEEDS HELP.

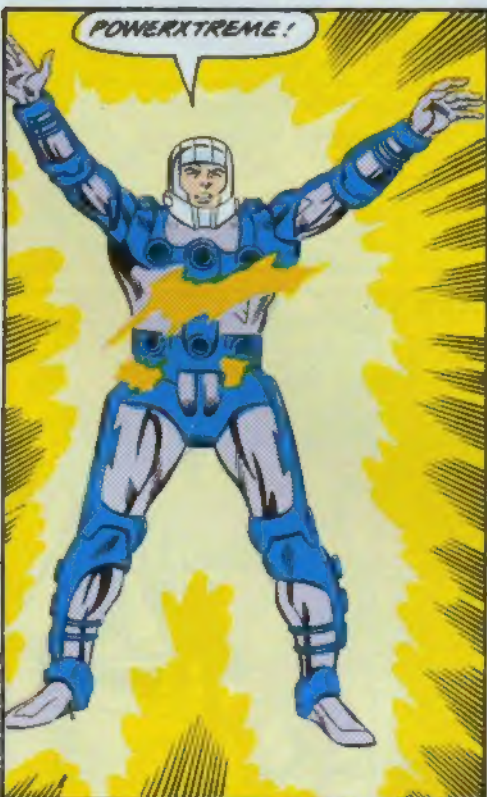


HONEY,
HOW ABOUT
TRADING THIS SUIT
FOR SKYBOLT?

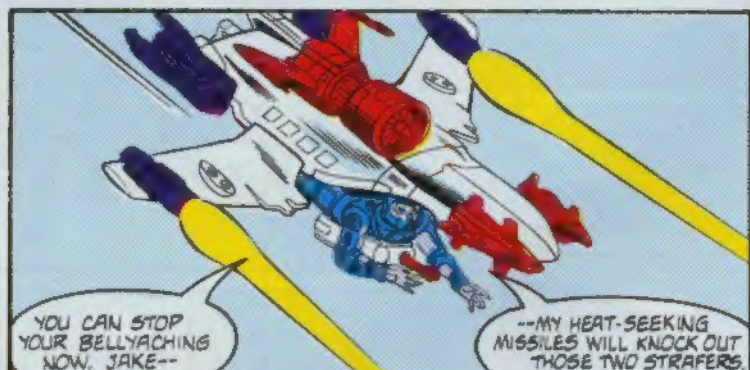
SENDING SKYBOLT.
RETRIEVING ORBITAL
INTERCEPTOR.



POWERXTREME!



YOU CAN STOP
YOUR BELLYACHING
NOW, JAKE--



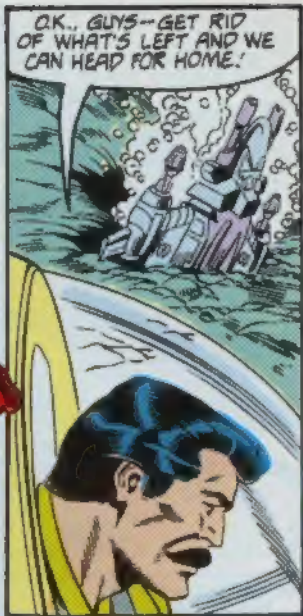
--MY HEAT-SEEKING
MISSILES WILL KNOCK OUT
THOSE TWO STRAFERS.





DON'T ACCUSE ME OF NOT HANDLING MY SHARE OF THE WORK, GUYS. MY TORPEDOES WILL CLOSE UP THE HOLE IN THE RIVER BED.

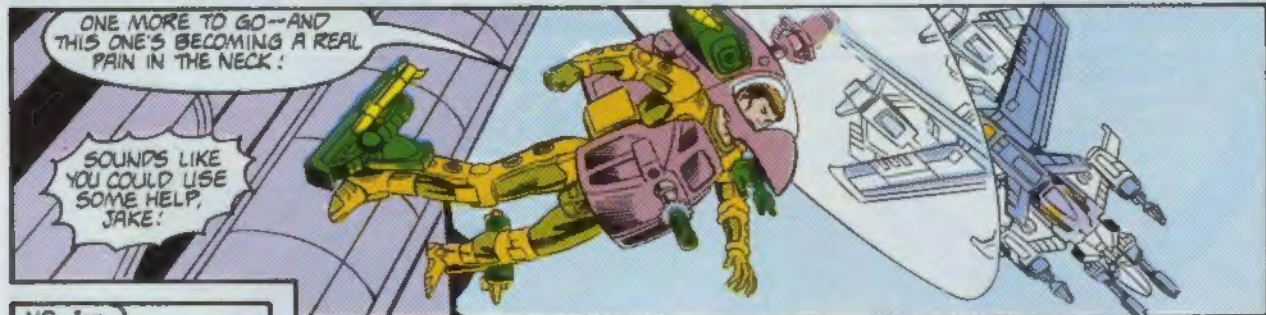
THIS SHOULD SHUT DOWN TERROR'S UNDERWATER VERSION OF CAPE CANAVERAL.



O.K., GUYS--GET RID OF WHAT'S LEFT AND WE CAN HEAD FOR HOME!



YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND, MAX.



ONE MORE TO GO--AND THIS ONE'S BECOMING A REAL PAIN IN THE NECK!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME HELP, JAKE!

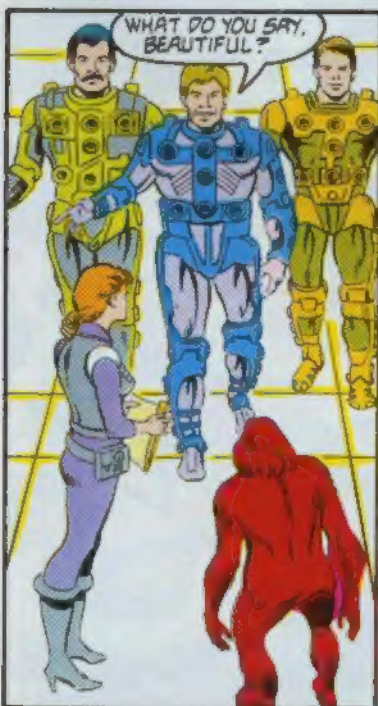
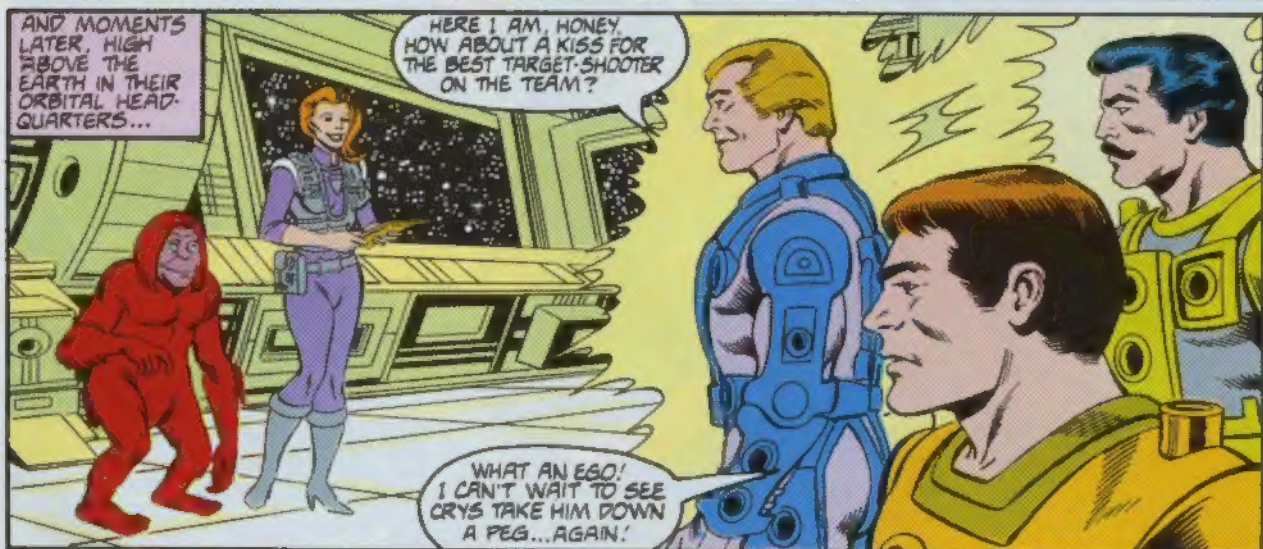
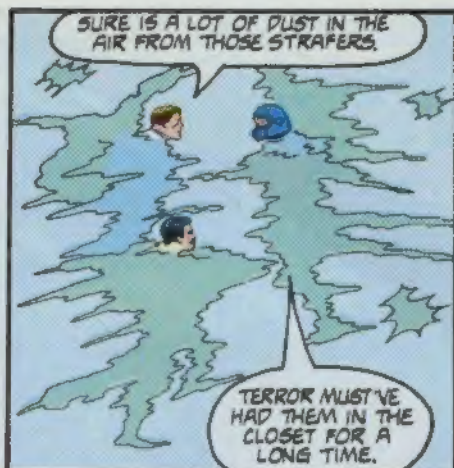


NO, I--



SHOW-OFF! I COULD'VE HANDLED IT.

OH, YEAH? AND JUST WHEN WERE YOU PLANNING ON DOING IT?



"ACE, YOUR MISSION IS TO STOP A SWARM OF METEORS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE EARTH."

I SEE THEM COMING, DARLING--AND THIS TIME I CAN DEFINITELY USE ORBITAL INTERCEPTOR.

NO BUILDINGS AROUND OUT HERE FOR MY PARTICLE BEAM MISSILE TO DAMAGE.

WISE CHOICE, ACE.

BUT, CRYSTAL, WON'T THE MISSILE DISRUPT SATELLITE TELECOMMUNICATIONS THIS CLOSE TO EARTH?

TARGET LOCKED IN...

MISSILE LAUNCHED...

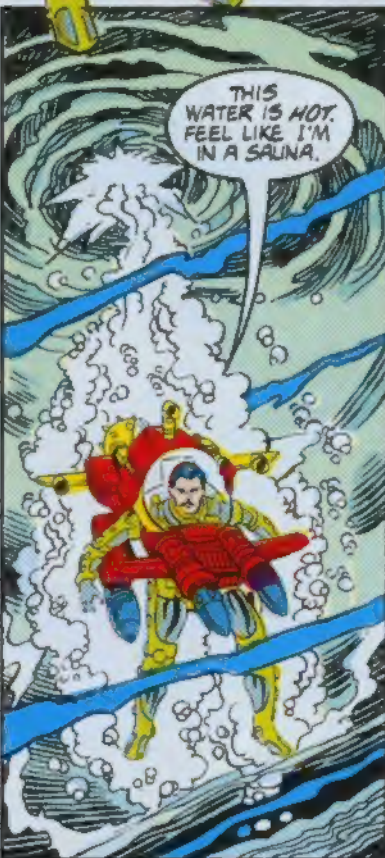
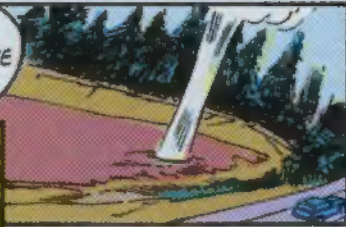
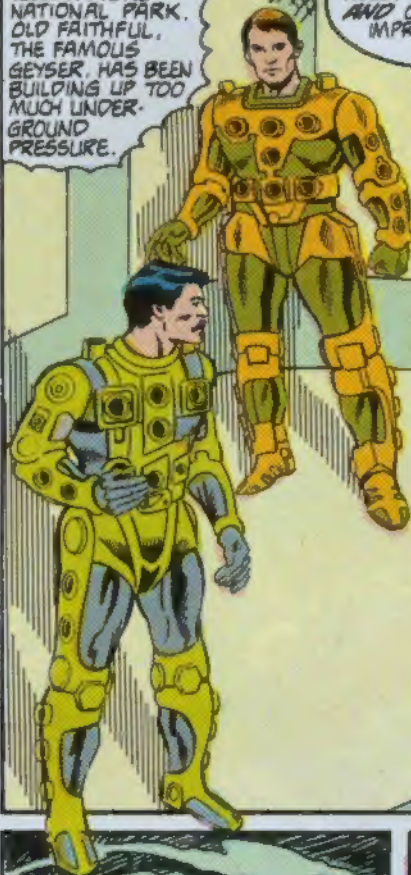
I DON'T THINK SO, MAX, AND IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW. WHY NOT STICK TO UNDERWATER PROBLEMS AND STOP SECOND-GUESSING ME?

...GOT 'EM!

MAX AND JAKE--
YOU'RE NEEDED IN
YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK.
OLD FAITHFUL,
THE FAMOUS
GEYSER, HAS BEEN
BUILDING UP TOO
MUCH UNDER-
GROUND
PRESSURE.

OUR SCIENTISTS FEEL
THAT BY BLASTING A SECOND
HOLE, YOU'LL EASE THE PRESSURE
AND CREATE AN EVEN MORE
IMPRESSIVE ATTRACTION
IN THE PARK.

AND, MOMENTS
LATER...





COMPUTER INDICATES
MAXIMUM PRESSURE IN TEN
SECONDS. READY, MEN--

FIRE!



YOU GOT
IT, CRYSTAL!



MISSILE
LAUNCHED!



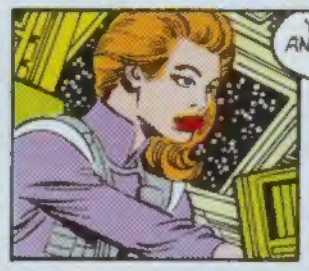
GOING UP!

HIYA,
PARTNER.
NEED A
LIFT?



JUST IN TIME, MEN.

WE SHOW A VIRTUAL ARMY
OF TOURISTS APPROACHING OLD
FAITHFUL RIGHT NOW.



YOU MEAN OLD FAITHFUL
AND NEW FAITHFUL, DON'T
YOU, CRYSTAL?



RIGHT, JAKE.
GOOD JOB, BOTH
OF YOU.

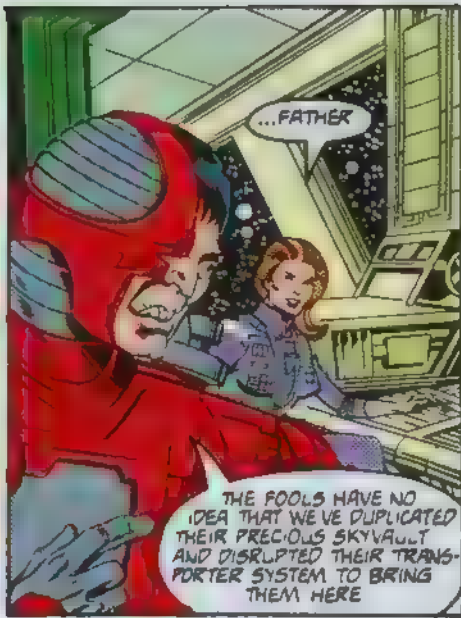


YES, A VERY GOOD JOB, INDEED *EXACTLY* AS WE PLANNED IT.



THANK YOU.

AND YOU TOO HAVE DONE A FINE JOB, MY DEAR.

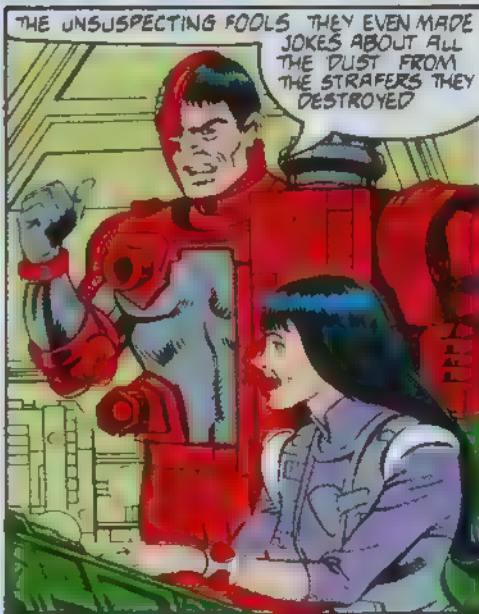


...FATHER

THE FOOLS HAVE NO IDEA THAT WE'VE DUPLICATED THEIR PRECIOUS SKYVAULT AND DISRUPTED THEIR TRANSPORTER SYSTEM TO BRING THEM HERE



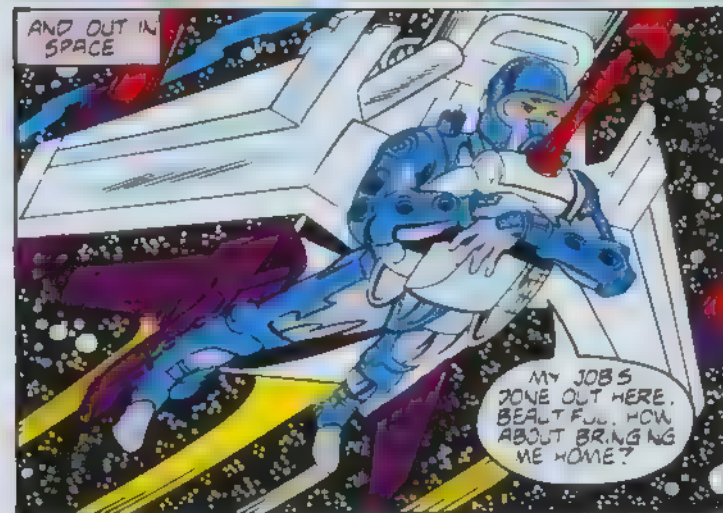
AND I MADE THE PERFECT KRYSTAL KANE, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.



THE UNSUSPECTING FOOLS THEY EVEN MADE JOKES ABOUT ALL THE DUST FROM THE STRAFERS THEY DESTROYED

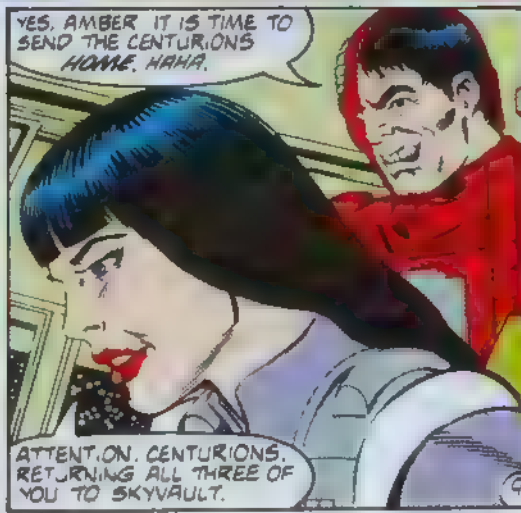


LITTLE DID THEY KNOW, IT WAS THAT "DUST", SETTLING ON THEIR BATTLE SUITS THAT ENABLED US TO INTERCEPT THEM WITH OUR OWN TRANSPORTER.



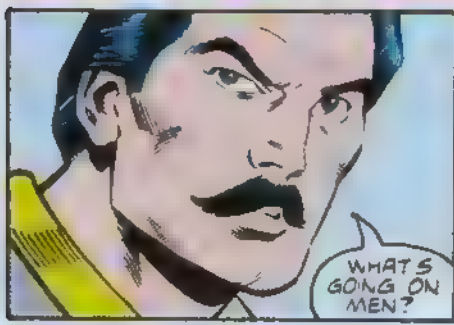
AND OUT IN SPACE

MY JOBS DONE OUT HERE. BEAUTIFUL. HOW ABOUT BRINGING ME HOME?



YES, AMBER IT IS TIME TO SEND THE CENTURIONS HOME. HAHHA.

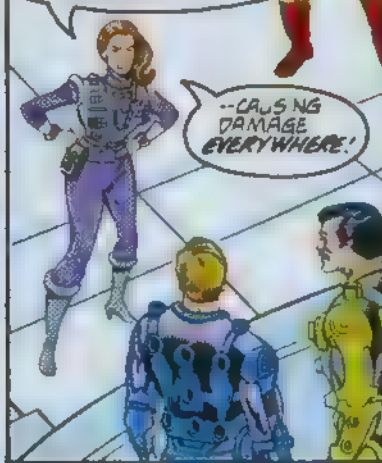
ATTENTION, CENTURIONS, RETURNING ALL THREE OF YOU TO SKYVAULT.



THOSE METEORS YOU BLASTED APART WERE PART OF YEARS OF RESEARCH. A BRANCH OF THE SPACE ACADEMY HAS SPENT A DECADE ATTRACTING THEM TOWARDS EARTH FOR STUDY!

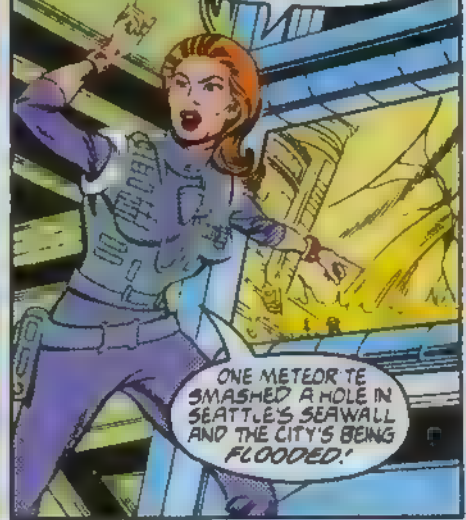


THEY WERE RIGHT ON TARGET TILL YOU USED YOUR MISSILE ON THEM. NOW CHUNKS ARE RAINING DOWN ALL OVER THE EARTH--



--CAUS'G DAMAGE EVERYWHERE!

JUST LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



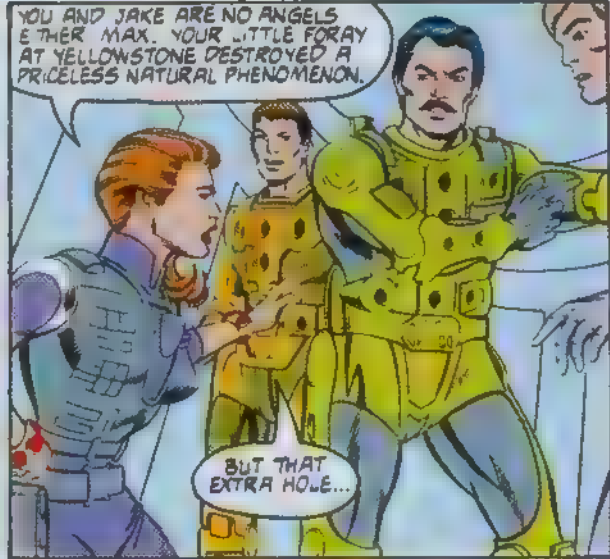
ONE METEORITE SMASHED A HOLE IN SEATTLE'S SEAWALL AND THE CITY'S BEING FLOODED!

NICE GOING ACE. THAT'S MY HOMETOWN SHE'S TALKING ABOUT. HOW COULD YOU BE SO CARELESS?



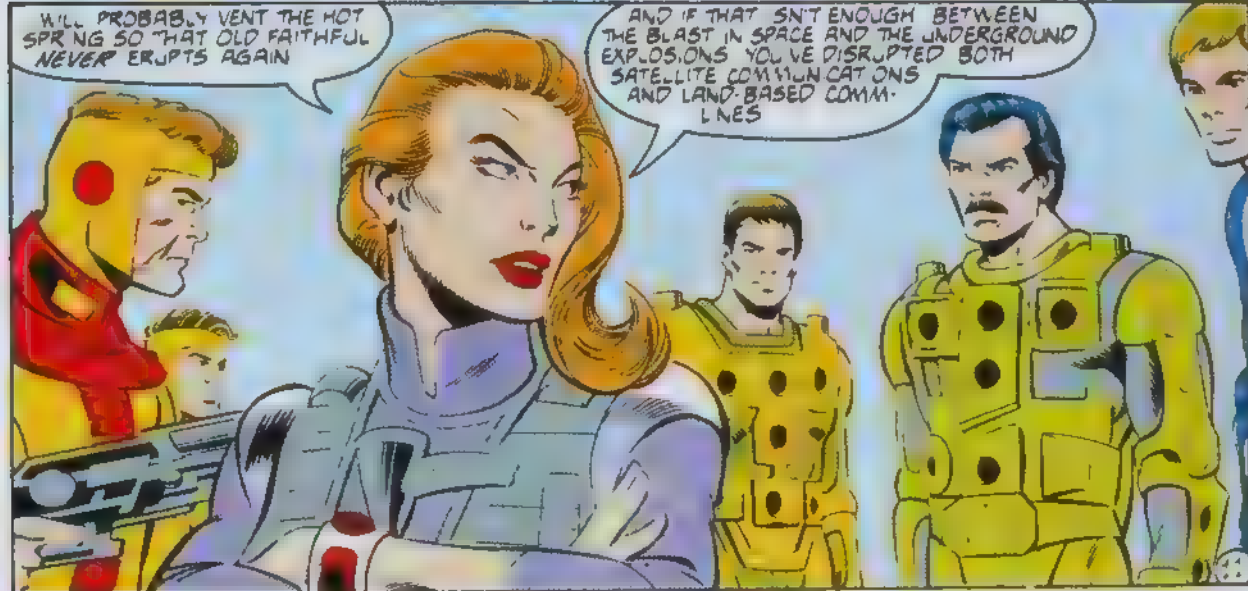
HEY, I WAS JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS. YOU KNOW THAT.

YOU AND JAKE ARE NO ANGELS EITHER MAX. YOUR LITTLE FORAY AT YELLOWSTONE DESTROYED A PRICELESS NATURAL PHENOMENON.

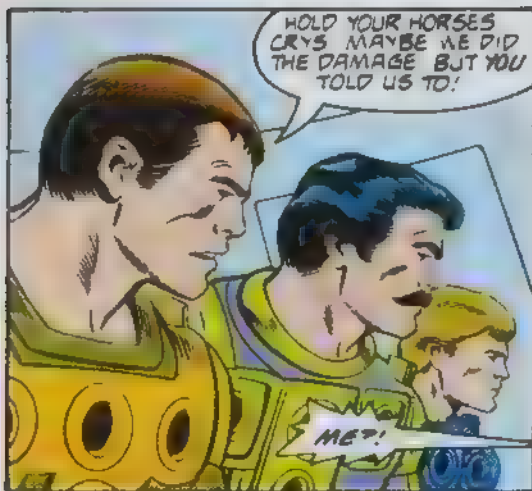


BUT THAT EXTRA HOLE...

WE'LL PROBABLY VENT THE HOT SPRING SO THAT OLD FAITHFUL NEVER ERUPTS AGAIN



AND IF THAT SN'T ENOUGH BETWEEN THE BLAST IN SPACE AND THE UNDERGROUND EXPLOSIONS YOU'VE DISRUPTED BOTH SATELLITE COMMUNICATIONS AND LAND-BASED COMMUNICATIONS LINES



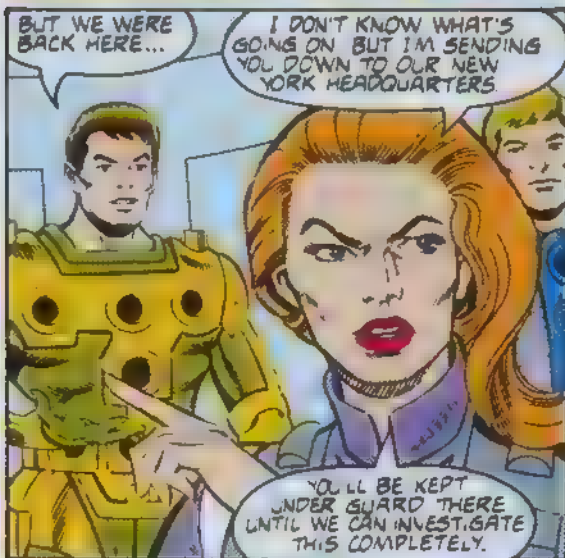
HOLD YOUR HORSES
CRYS MAYBE WE DID
THE DAMAGE BUT YOU
TOLD US TO!

MET!



I HAVEN'T EVEN
BEEN ABLE TO
CONTACT YOU
SINCE YOU WIPED
OUT THE STRAFERS
AT THE WORLD
COUNCIL BUILDING

HOW COULD I
HAVE SENT YOU
ANYWHERE?



BUT WE WERE
BACK HERE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON BUT I'M SENDING
YOU DOWN TO OUR NEW
YORK HEADQUARTERS

YOU'LL BE KEPT
UNDER GUARD THERE
UNTIL WE CAN INVESTIGATE
THIS COMPLETELY.



SWEETHEART,
HOW CAN YOU DO
THIS TO US?

TO
MET!



JUST WATCH ME,
MISTER MCLOUD
BEAM THEM DOWN
...NOW!



AND, MOMENTS LATER
DEEP BENEATH THE
STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY...

LOOK, GUYS--ANOTHER
WELCOMING COMMITTEE

REMOVE
YOUR EXO-FRAMES.
GENTLEMEN THEN
FOLLOW ME.



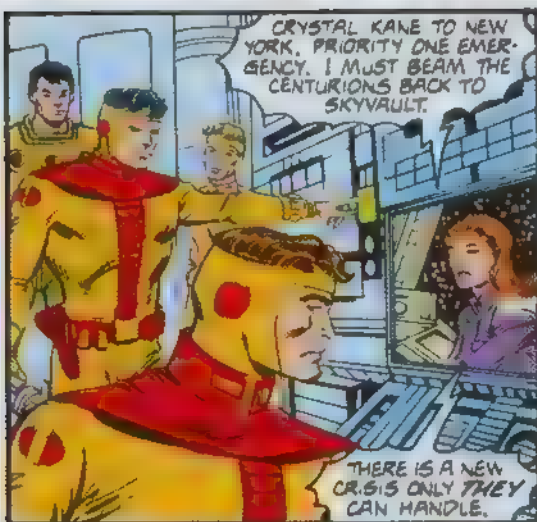
YOU COULD BE A LITTLE
FR ENDLIER, PAL. WE'RE
ALL ON THE SAME SIDE,
YOU KNOW.

AT LEAST
WE USED
TO BE.



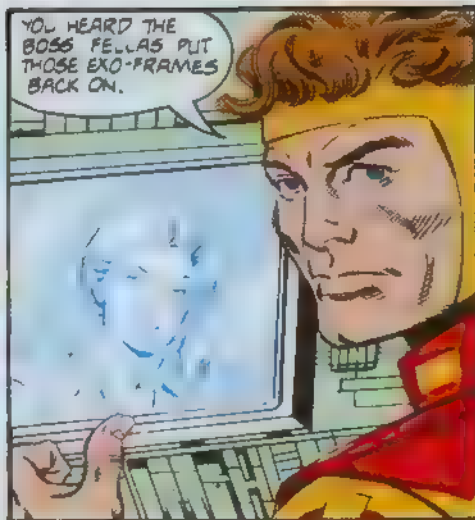
BEDOP
BEDOP

LIEUTENANT
A PRIORITY
MESSAGE COMING
IN FROM SKYVAULT

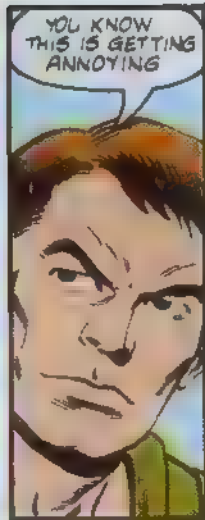


CRYSTAL KANE TO NEW YORK, PRIORITY ONE EMERGENCY. I MUST BEAM THE CENTURIONS BACK TO SKYVAULT.

THERE IS A NEW CRISIS ONLY THEY CAN HANDLE.



YOU HEARD THE BOSS FELLAS PUT THOSE EXO-FRAMES BACK ON.



YOU KNOW THIS IS GETTING ANNOYING

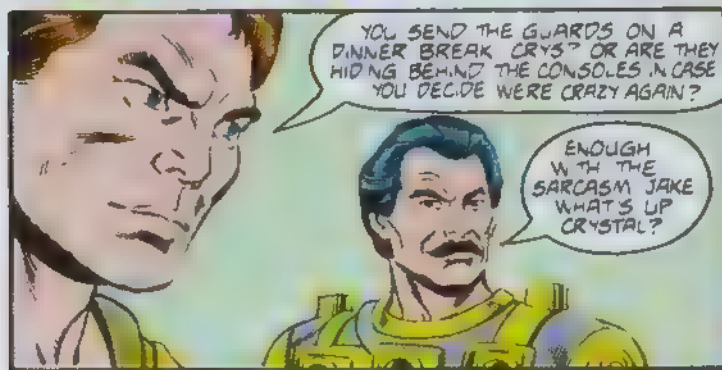


AND A TRANSPORTER TRIP LATER...

SO YOU DECIDED TO TRUST US AGAIN. EH, GORGEOUS?

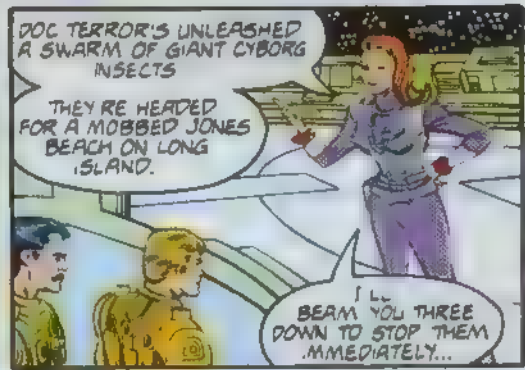


I ALWAYS TRUST YOU, ACE.



YOU SEND THE GUARDS ON A DINNER BREAK CRYSTAL? OR ARE THEY HIDING BEHIND THE CONSOLES IN CASE YOU DECIDE WERE CRAZY AGAIN?

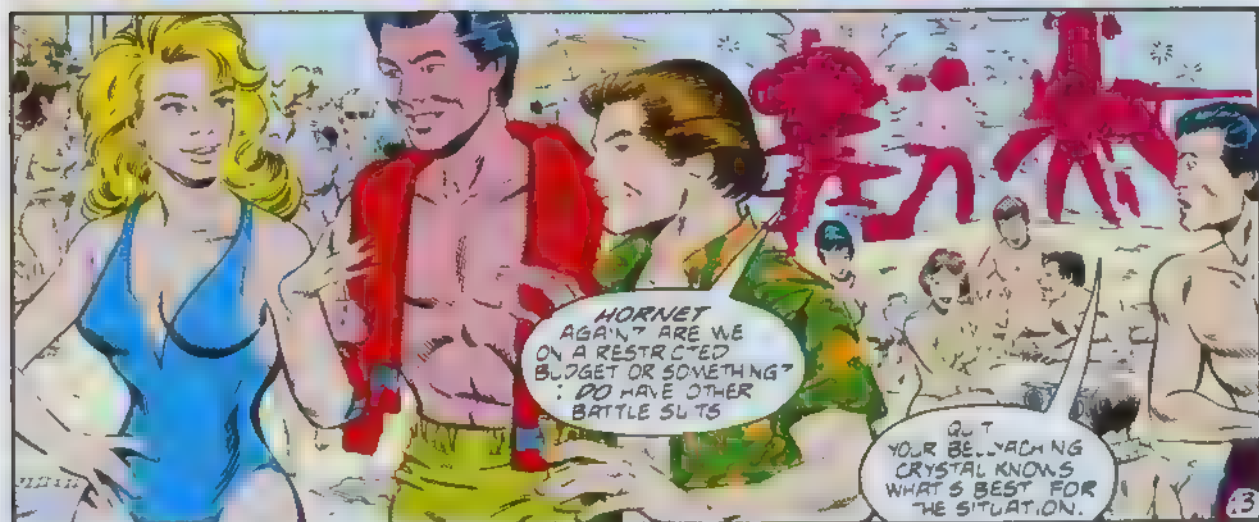
ENOUGH WITH THE SARCASM JAKE WHAT'S UP CRYSTAL?



DOC TERROR'S UNLEASHED A SWARM OF GIANT CYBORG INSECTS

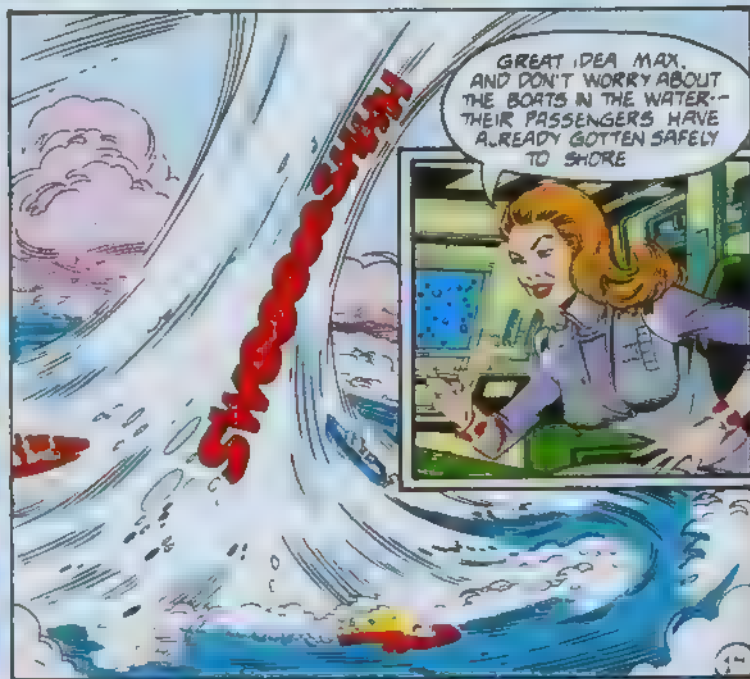
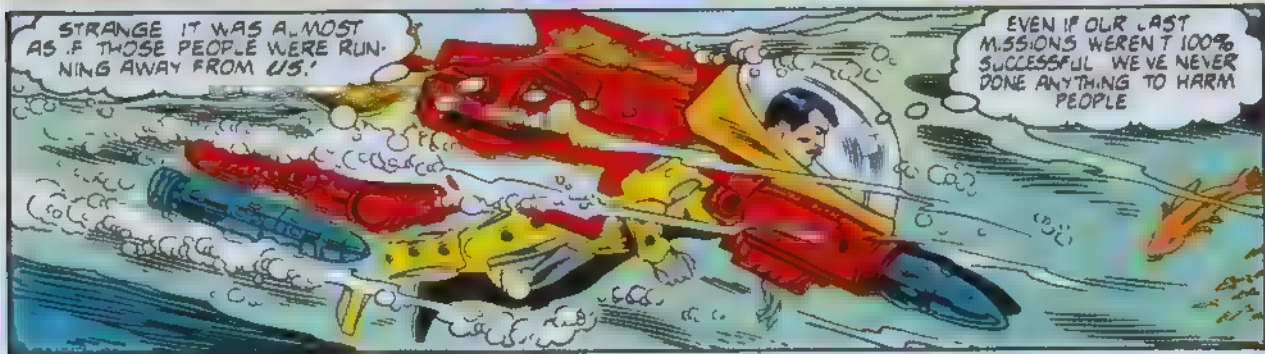
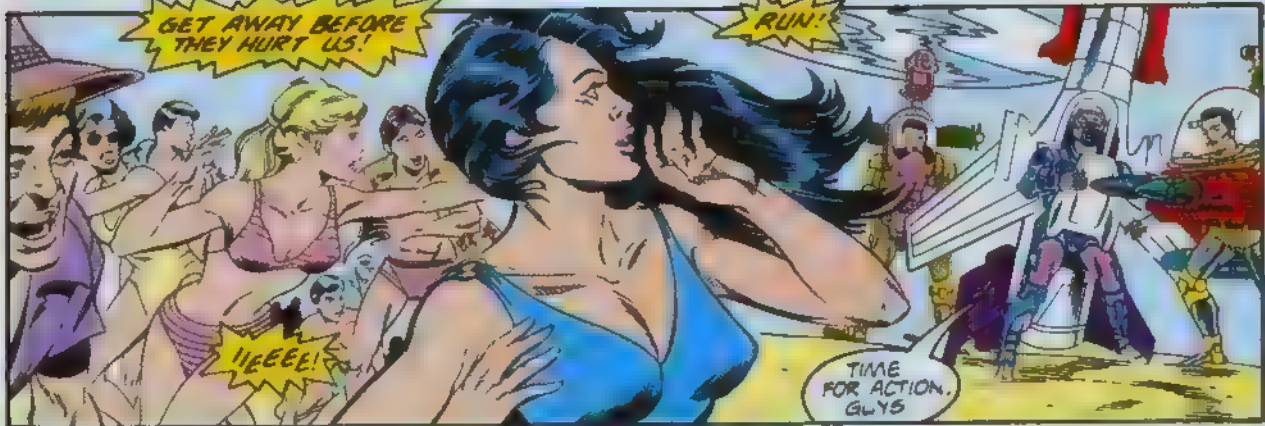
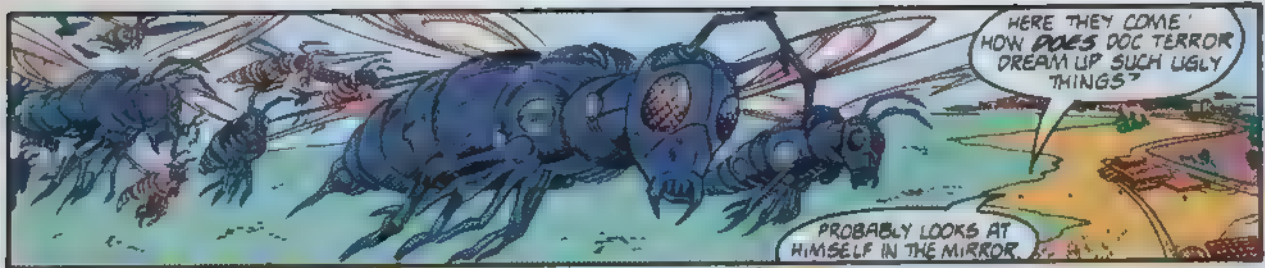
THEY'RE HEADED FOR A MOBBED JONES BEACH ON LONG ISLAND.

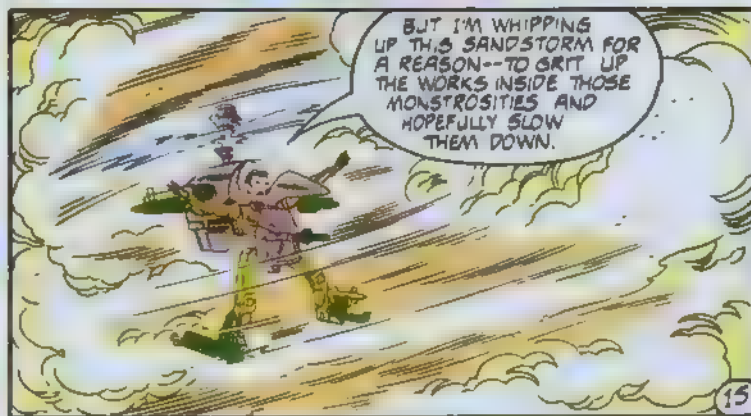
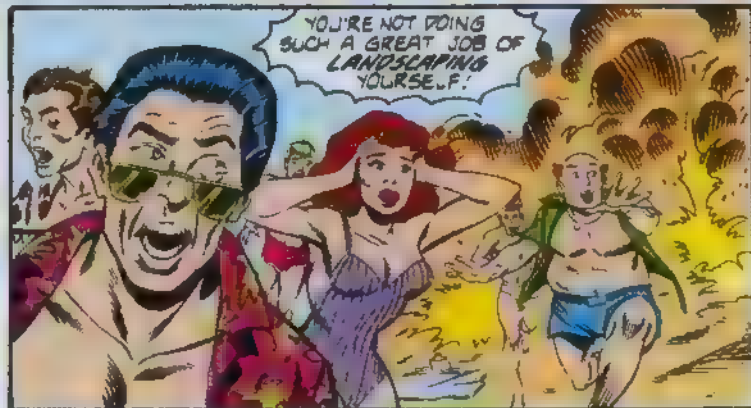
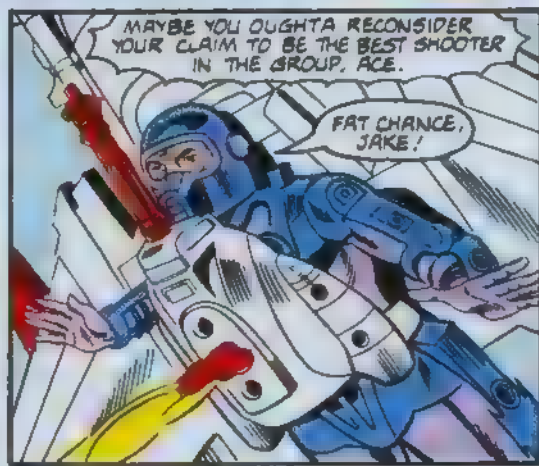
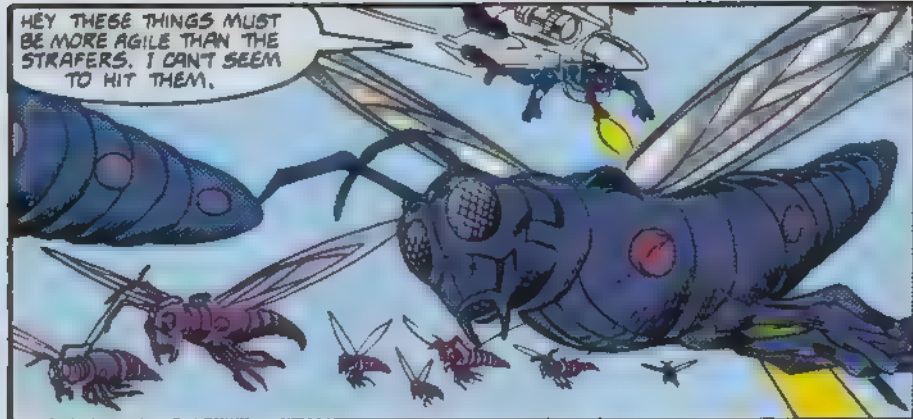
I'LL BEAM YOU THREE DOWN TO STOP THEM IMMEDIATELY...

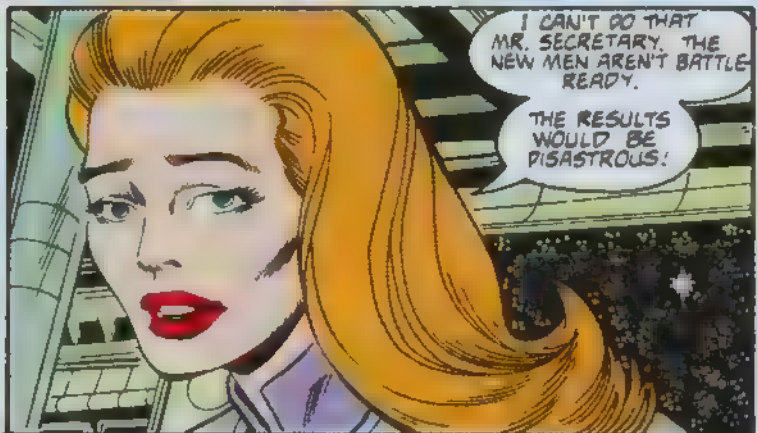
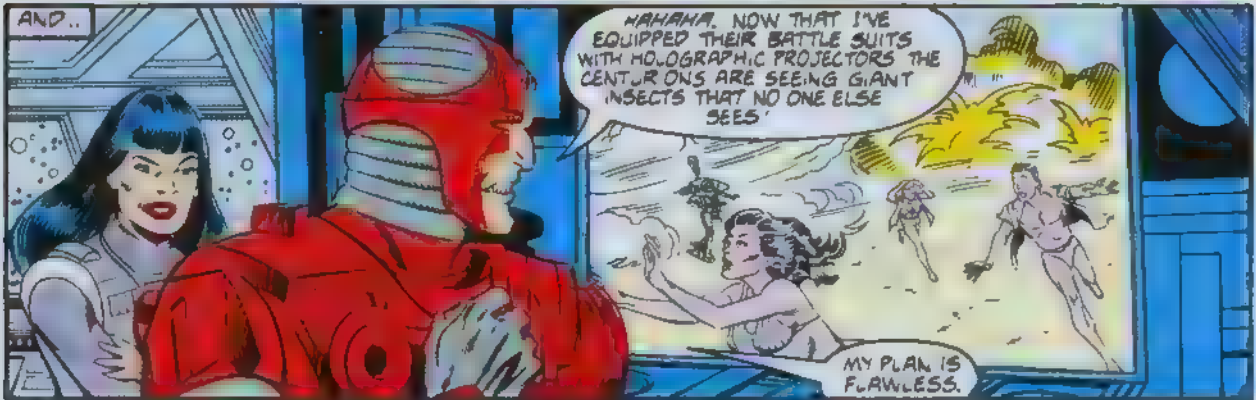


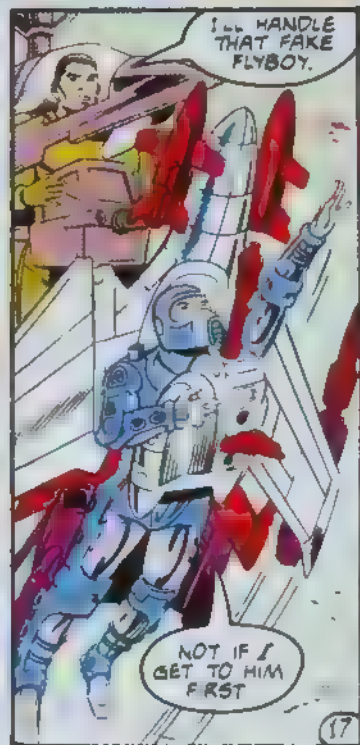
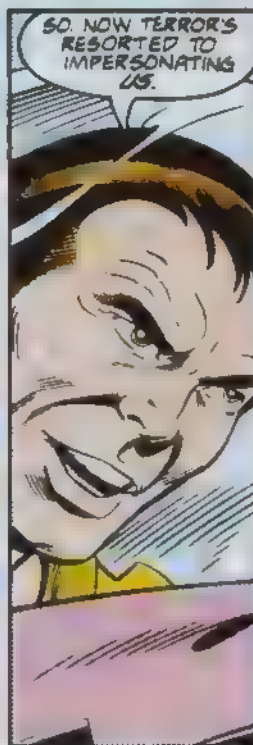
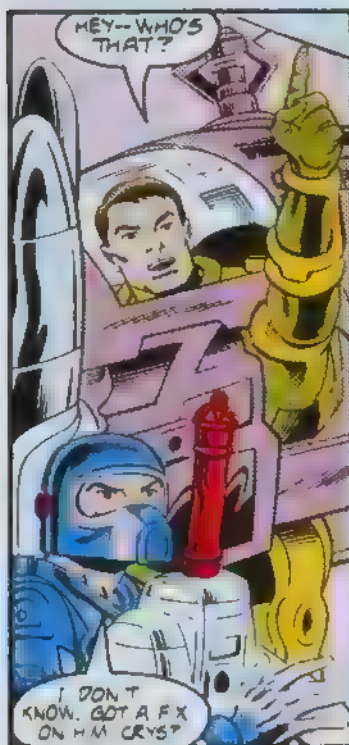
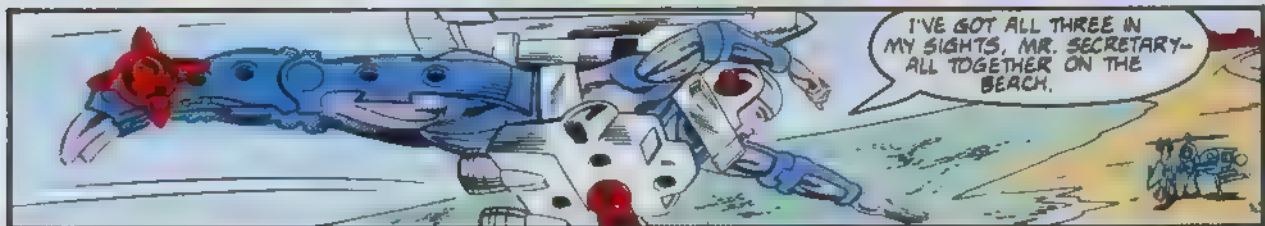
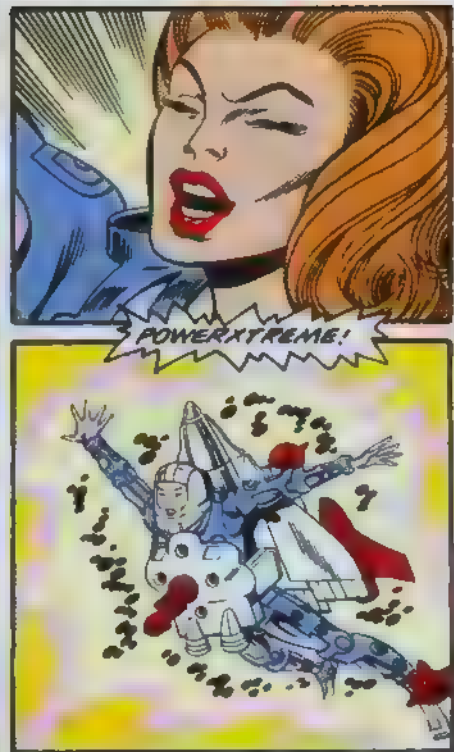
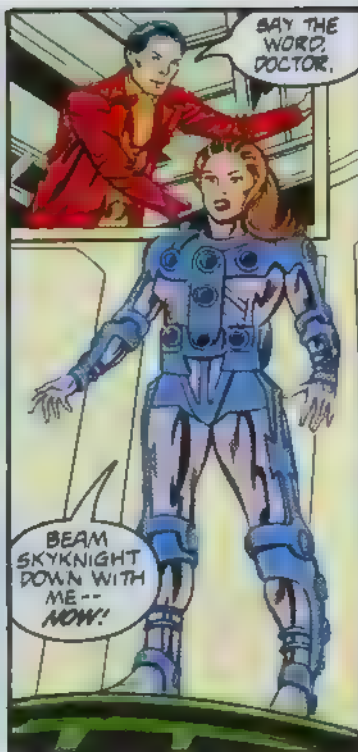
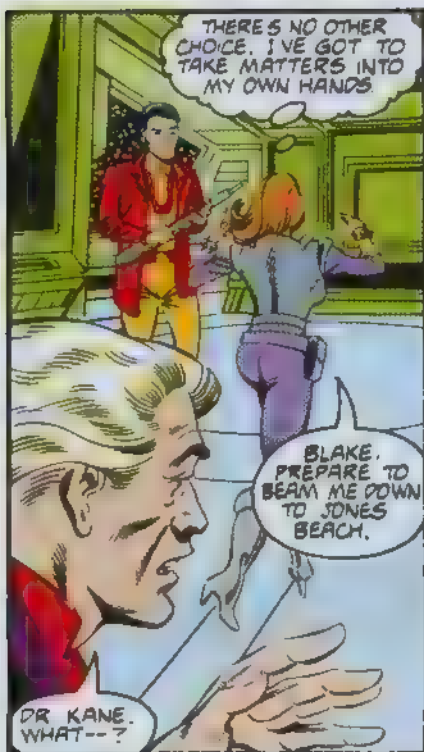
HORNET AGAIN? ARE WE ON A RESTRICTED BUDGET OR SOMETHING? DO HAVE OTHER BATTLE SLOTS

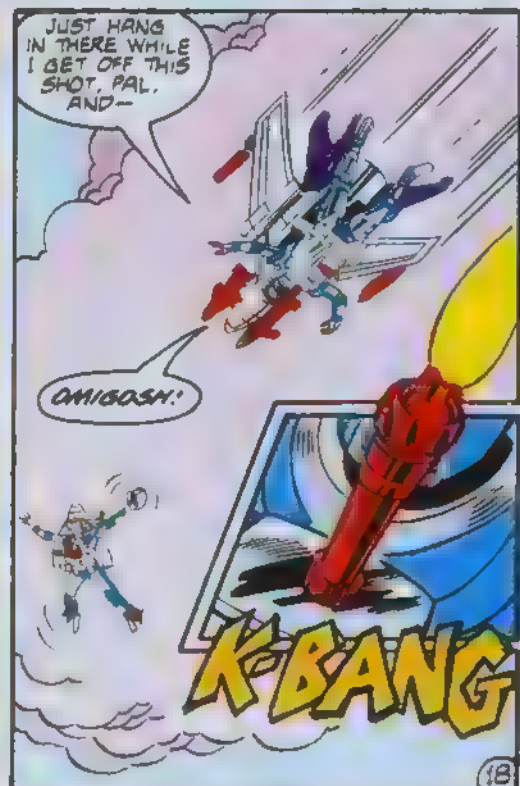
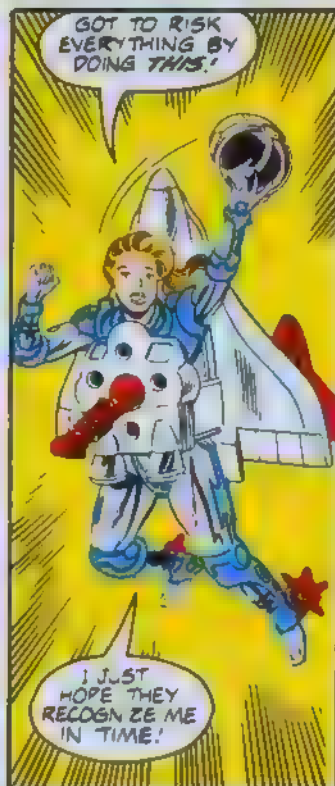
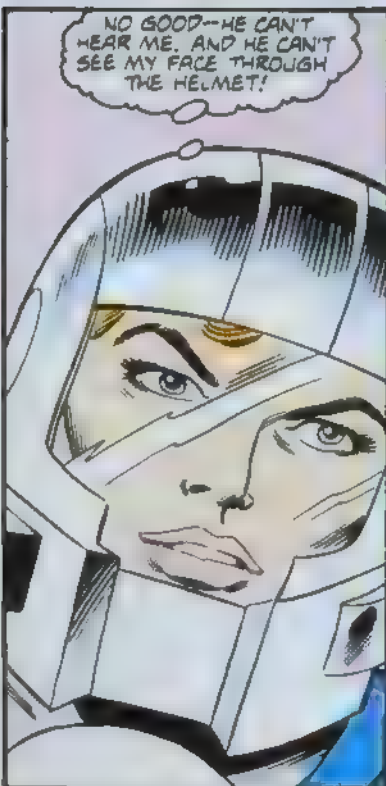
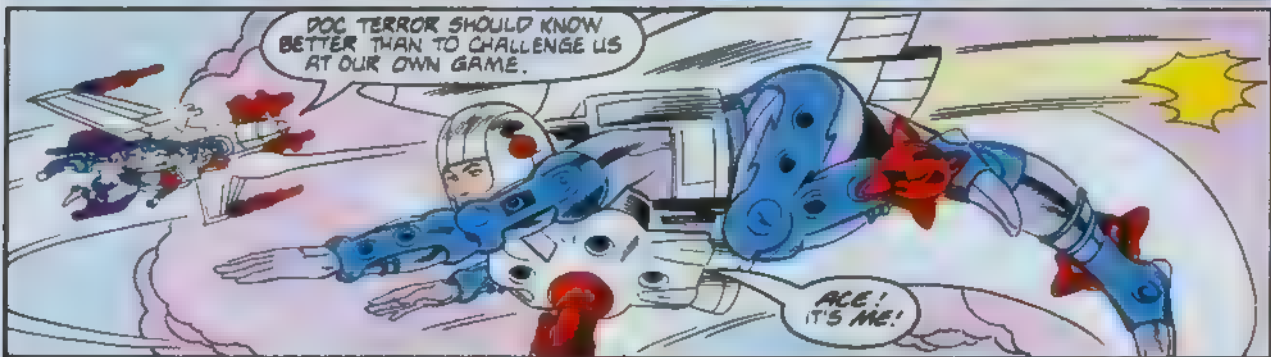
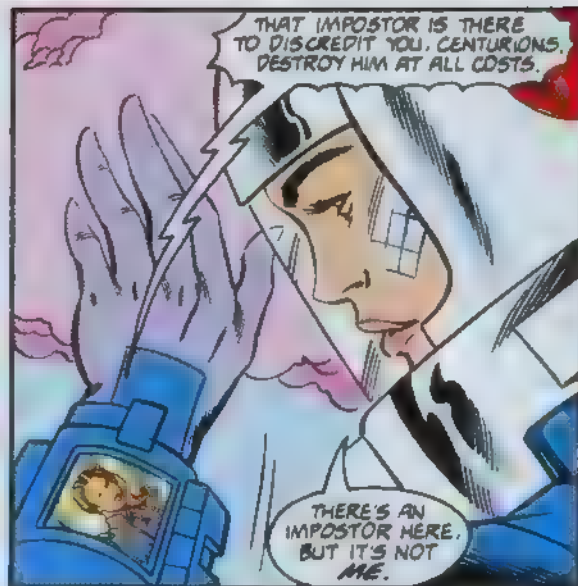
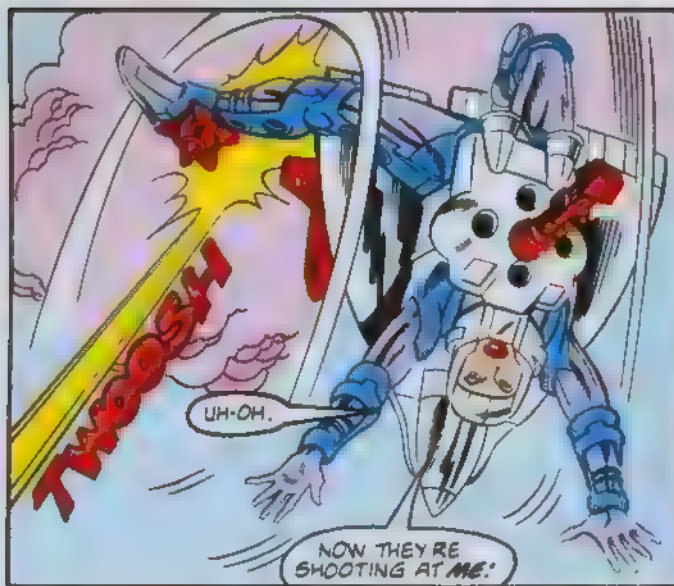
QUIT YOUR BELLACHING CRYSTAL KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR THE SITUATION.

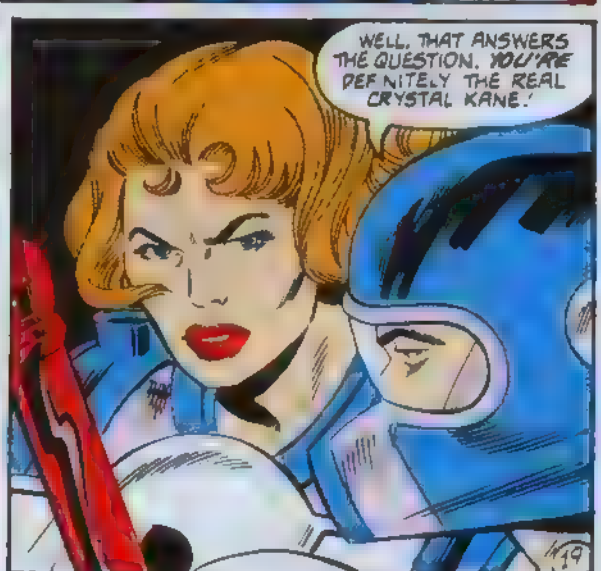
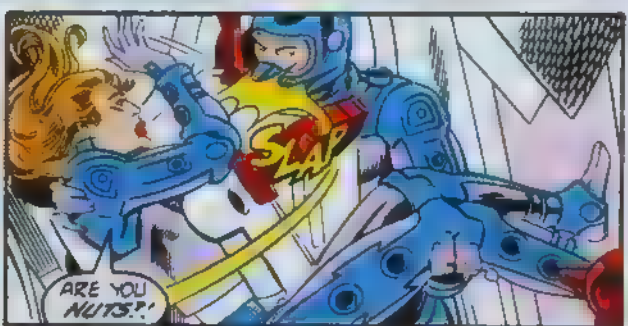
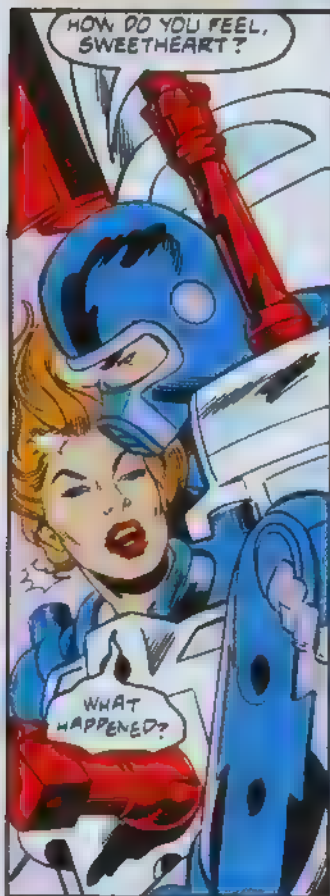
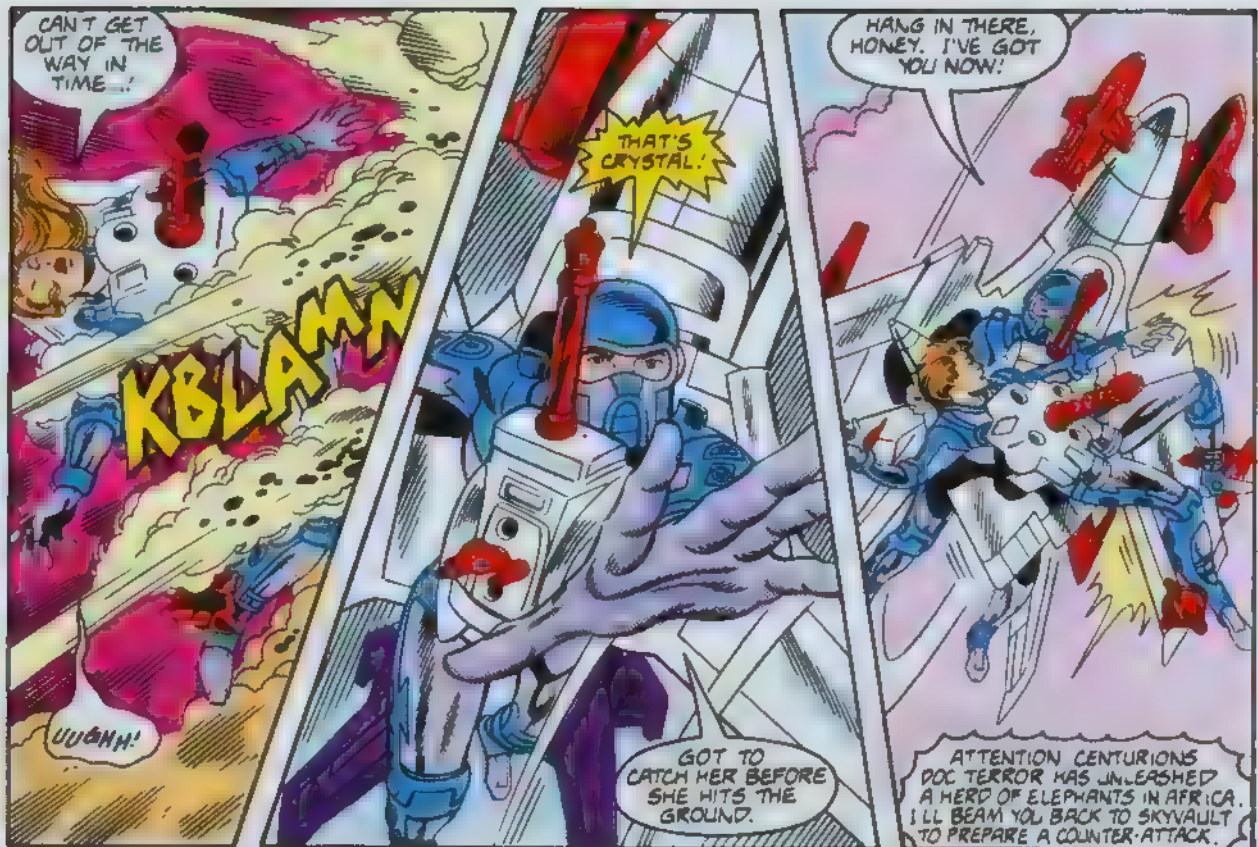


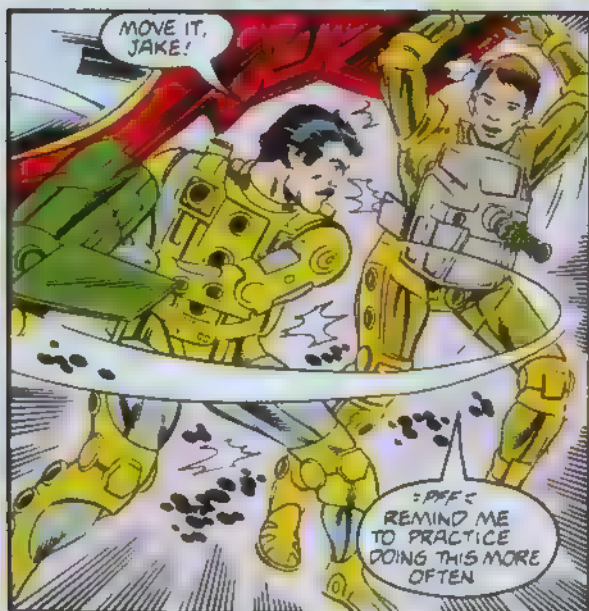
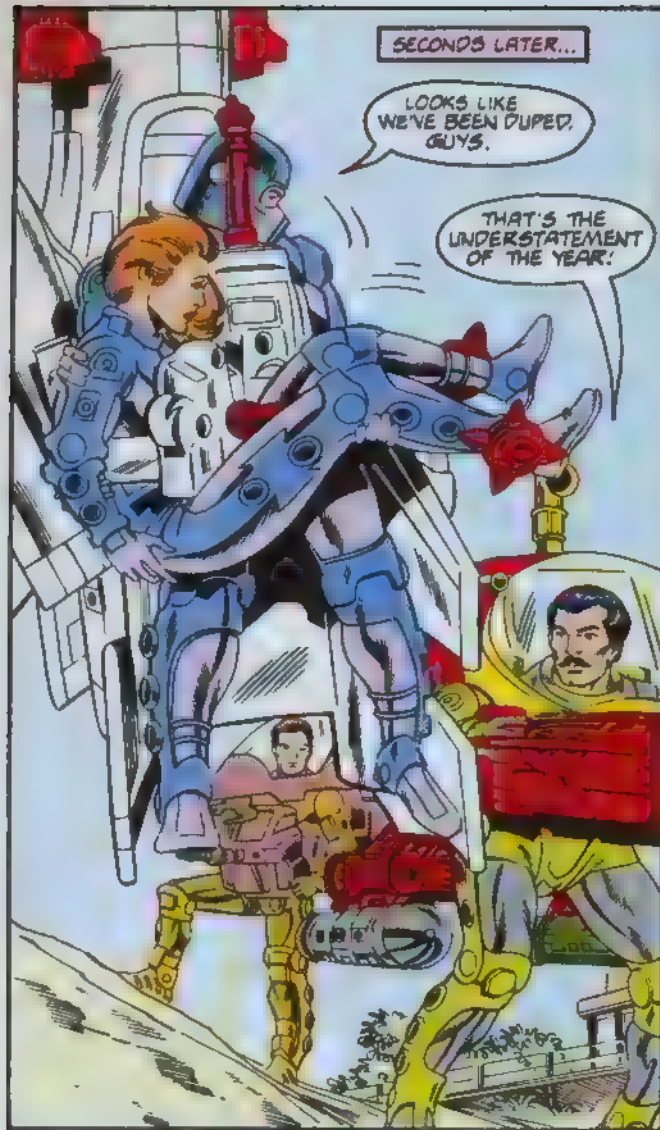


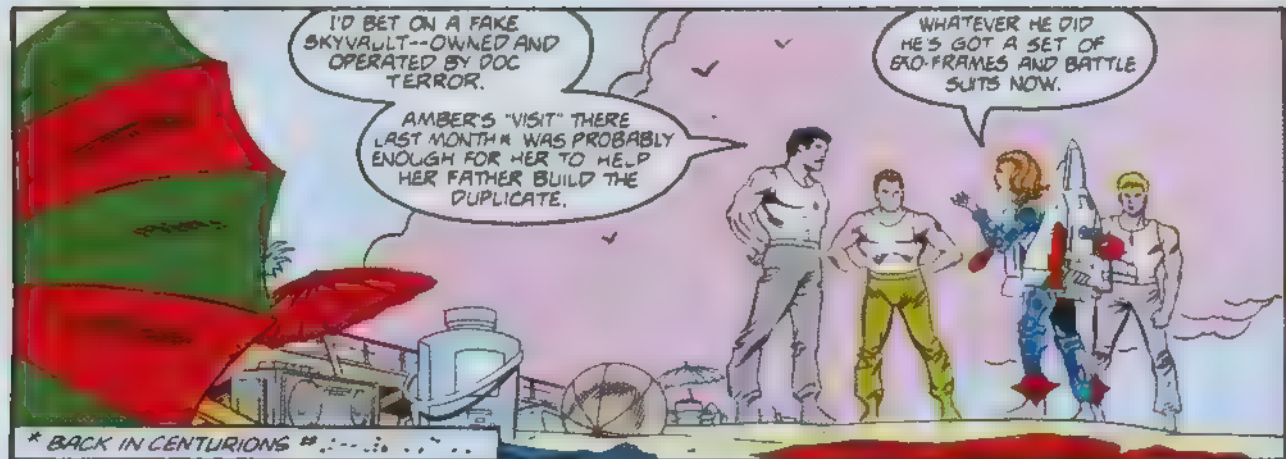












I'D BET ON A FAKE SKYVAULT--OWNED AND OPERATED BY DOC TERROR.

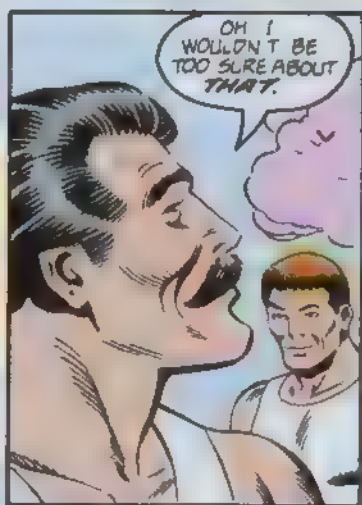
AMBER'S "VISIT" THERE LAST MONTH WAS PROBABLY ENOUGH FOR HER TO HELP HER FATHER BUILD THE DUPLICATE.

WHATEVER HE DID HE'S GOT A SET OF EXO-FRAMES AND BATTLE SUITS NOW.

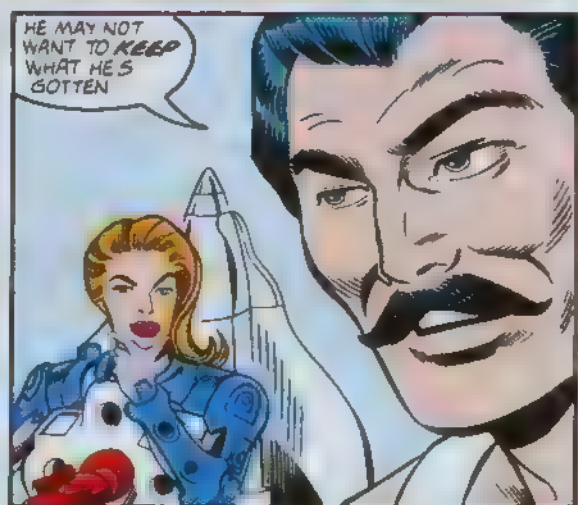
* BACK IN CENTURIONS #



YOU MAY HAVE WON THE BATTLE, BUT NOW HE COULD WIN THE WAR



OH I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT.



HE MAY NOT WANT TO KEEP WHAT HE'S GOTTEN

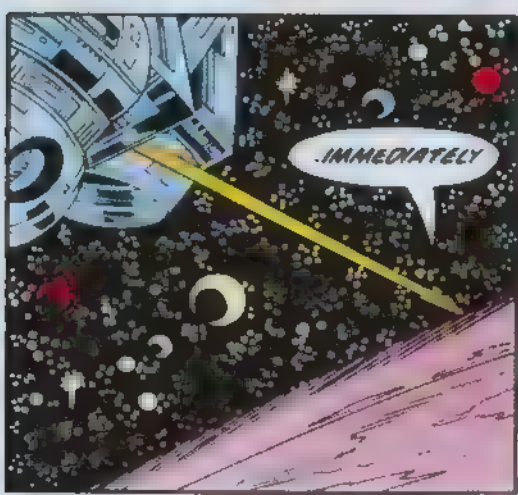


DOC THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON WITH THESE SUITS

HACKER YOU NINCOMPOOP-- THEY'VE BEEN BOOBY-TRAPPED!

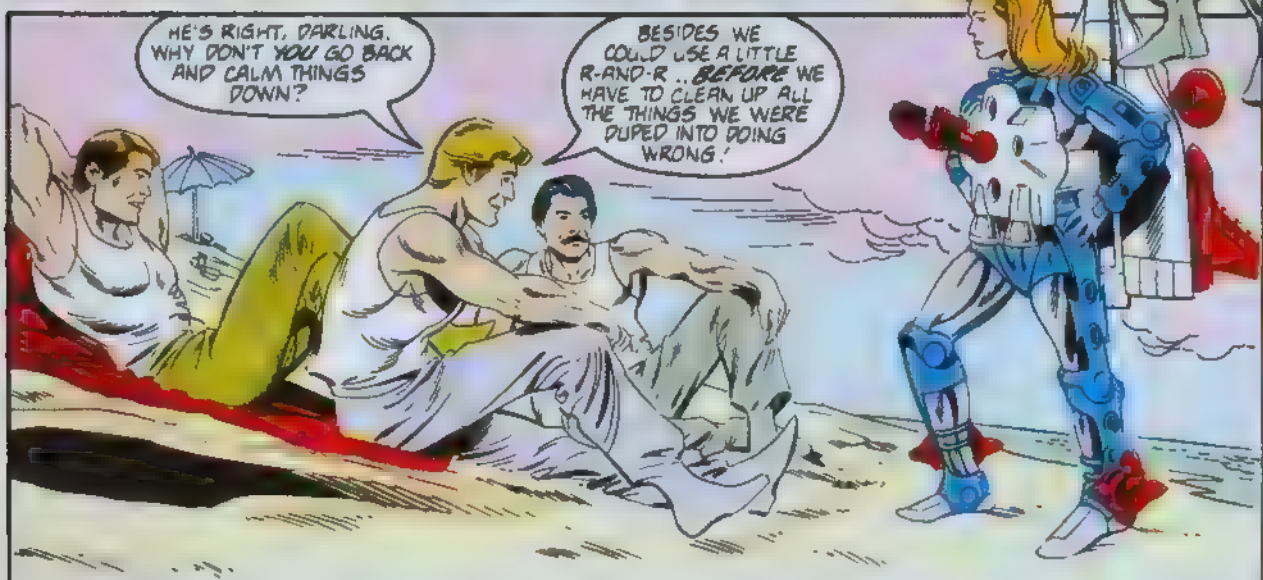
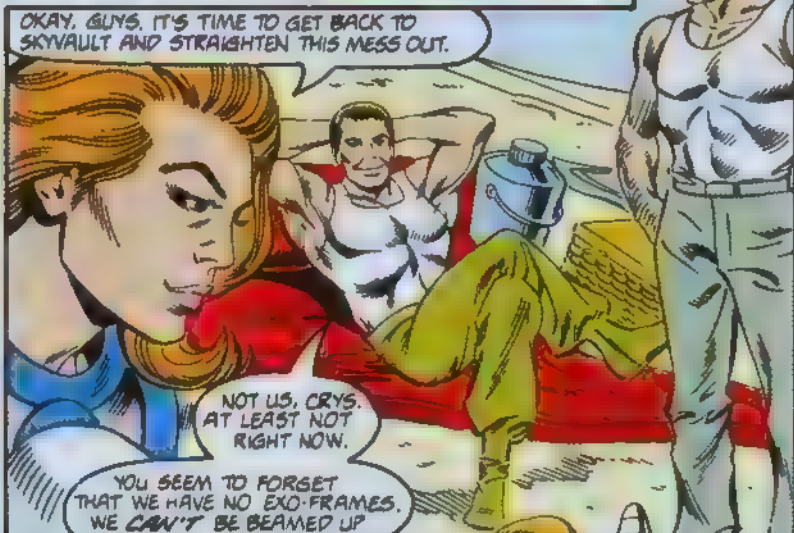


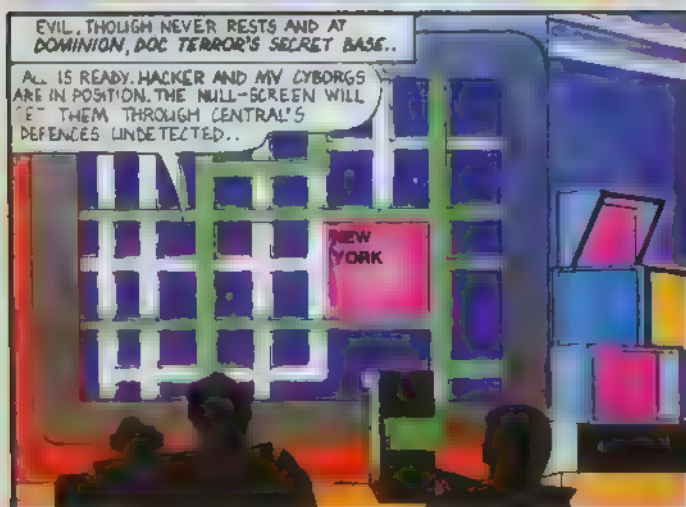
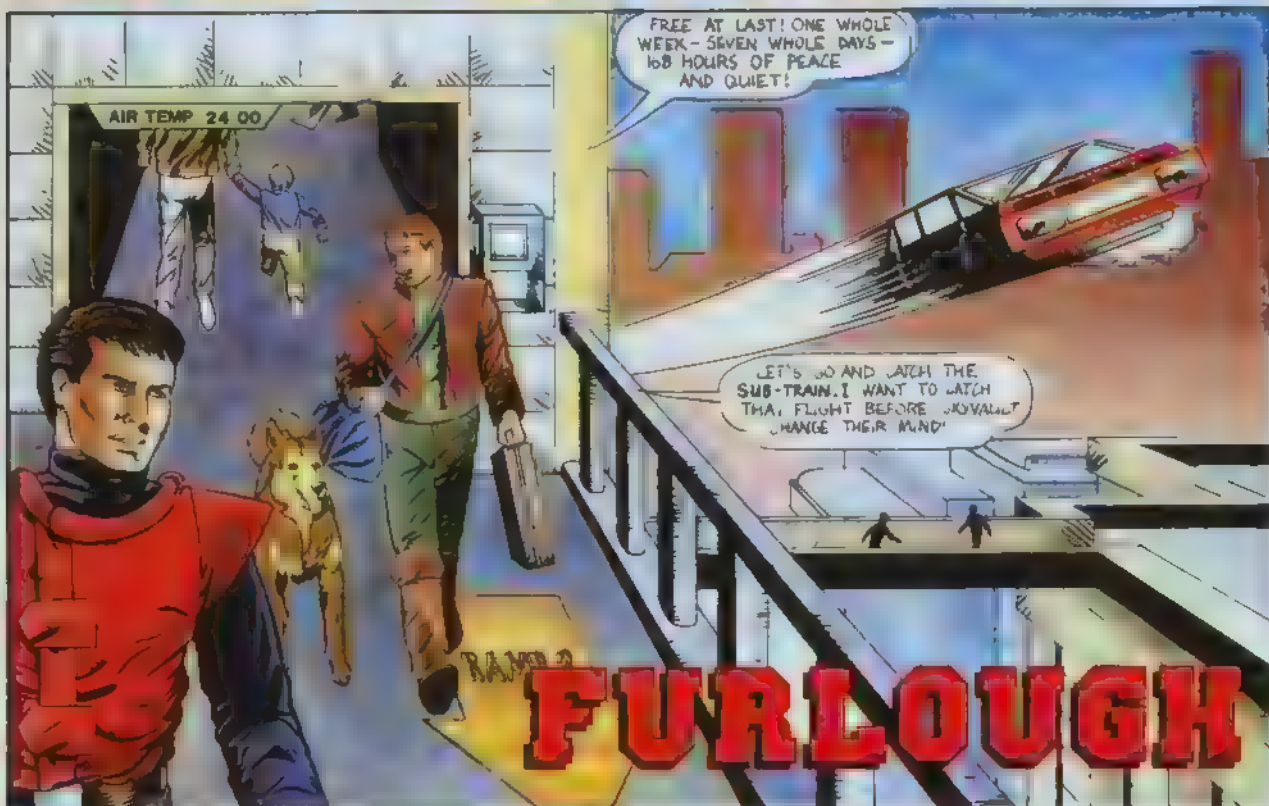
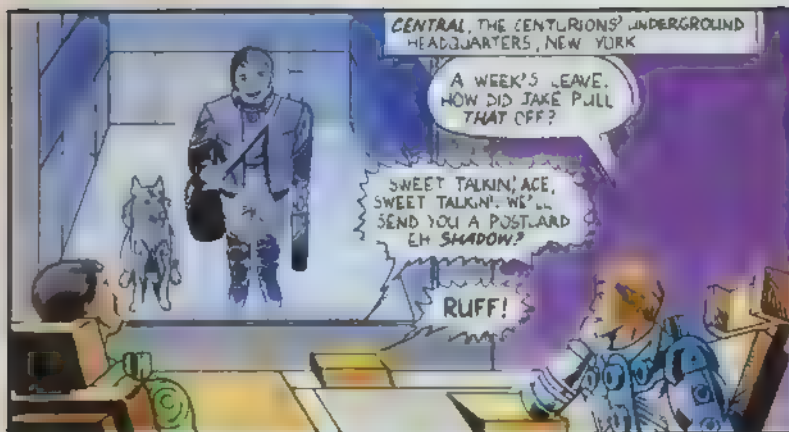
CORRECT MY DEAR WE MUST ABANDON OUR BASE

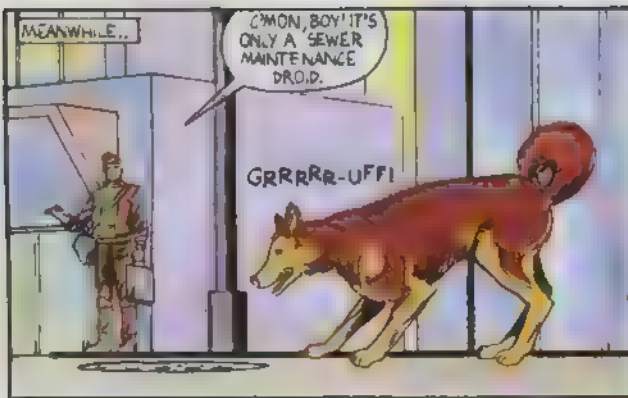


IMMEDIATELY





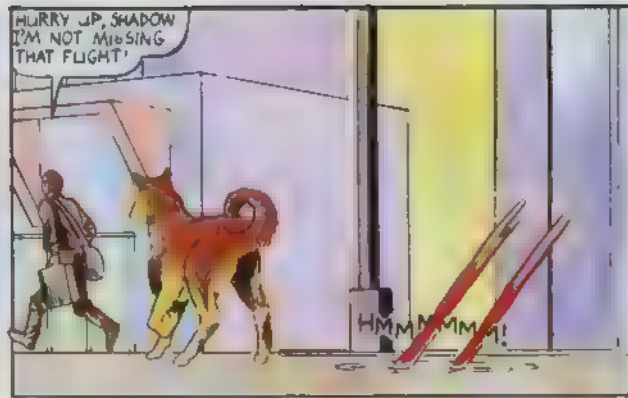




MEANWHILE...

C'MON, BOY! IT'S ONLY A SEWER MAINTENANCE DROID.

GRRRR-UFF!



HURRY UP, SHADOW I'M NOT MISSING THAT FLIGHT!

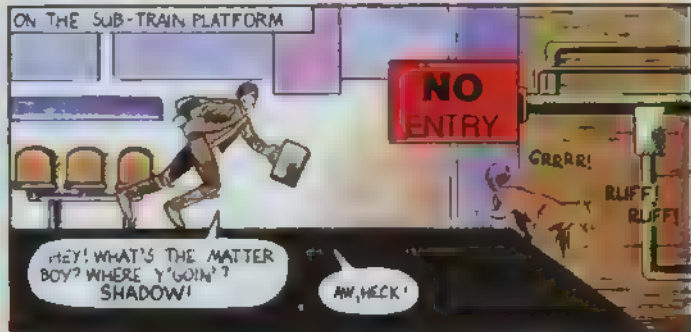
HMMMMMM!



YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO RELAX, BOY. YOU'RE ON HOLIDAY. DON'T THINK CYBORG-THINK BONES!

TICKETS

WOOF!



ON THE SUB-TRAIN PLATFORM

NO ENTRY

GRRR!

BLUFF! BLUFF!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY? WHERE Y'GOIN' SHADOW!

AH, HECK!



A MAINTENANCE TUNNEL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? WHAT IS IT? WAIT, I HEAR IT...

RESTRICTED

GRRRR!



SPLOSH!

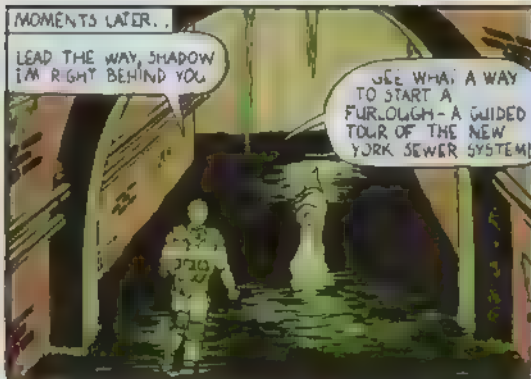
SPOOSH!

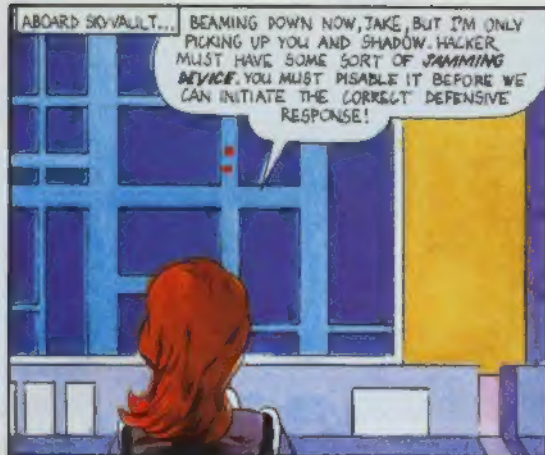
SPLASH!



OKAY, BOY. WE'LL GO AND CHECK IT OUT, BUT LET'S DRESS PROPERLY FOR THE OCCASION, HUH!

PANT-PANT





YOU'VE DONE IT, JAKE.
THE SCREENS HAVE CLEARED.
AM MOBILISING CENTRAL'S DEFENCES.
ACE AND MAX WILL ASSIST YOU IN
THE CLEAN UP OPERATION.
HOLD HACKER UNTIL--

SORRY, CRYSTAL...

AOOOOOO!

... BUT I THINK
DOC TERROR WANTED
A WORD WITH HIM
TOO...

"HE'S ESCAPED? OKAY. FILL IN A REPORT
WHEN YOU RETURN, JAKE. MEANWHILE,
HELP ACE AND MAX DEAL WITH THIS
ARMY OF SEWER CYBORGS..."

SKRA-BLAM!

SSSSSHRAKK!

BRACK

LATER, BACK AT CENTRAL...

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER
OF TERROR'S SCHEMES DOWN
THE DRAIN!

YEAH, BUT LOOK AT
OUR EXOFRAMES! I'LL
BE SPENDING THE REST
OF MY FURLOUGH
CLEANING MINE UP!

DON'T WORRY, COWBOY. SHADOW HERE WILL TAKE
YOUR LEAVE FOR YOU. HE DESERVES IT! AFTER ALL, IT
WAS HIM WHO ALERTED US TO THE CYBORG THREAT
TO CENTRAL... EH, BOY?

RUF!



Contact the 21st Century now!

Do you have anything you would like to ask about the Centurions? Perhaps there are things that you would like to see more of in our comic. Write to us at: **POWER POST, Centurions Comic, P.O. Box 111, Great Ducie Street, Manchester M60 3BL. —Crystal**

DEAR CENTURIONS,

In issue 2 of Centurions, in the story "Double Cross", we see Jake with his gun on his back, when on the chart he has his gun on his shoulder. Did the artist make a mistake?

James Billot, Worcester Park, Surrey.

I think you're referring to my plasma accelerator there, James, and you're correct to point out that it was shown in two positions in issue 2. However, the artist didn't get it wrong because, believe it or not, it moves! The way FIREFORCE works enables me to swivel and position my back pack for targeting enemies.

—Jake.

DEAR CENTURIONS,

I think your missions are good because you go through with so many dangerous feats just to save the world. I especially like your Assault Weapons, but what would you do if all of them were badly damaged?

John Sparkes, Heathtown, Wolverhampton.

Ow! That's a bit pessimistic, John! Even if all of our weapons systems were out of action, then Crystal has a large back-up stock of replacement hardware. If the worst came to the worst, I'm sure we'd always find some way to try saving the world. After all, we all live there, you know!—Max



DEAR ACE,

I think Centurions is great, but you have one slight problem. There should be a Centurion for underground operations.

Abram Beard, Selby, North Yorkshire.

That's an excellent idea, Abram! I can think of a lot of battles we've had with Doc Terror that would have been a lot easier if we could have called on a specialist in underground operations. I have passed your idea on to the team of technicians aboard Skyvault who continue to develop Project Centurion all the time. Already, many new designs in the Assault Weapons Systems have reached the prototype stage for future use.

—Ace.

FACT FILE...

DOC TERROR'S TRAUMATIZERS!

Traumatizers are mechanical cyborg-drones and have proved to be one of the most deadly and adaptable of Doc Terror's evil inventions. Operating primarily on land, they have laser weapons and they can each launch a missile. In addition, they can take part in limited air assaults, using their vertical rocket launchers.



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